SAYING AND SAYERS, BY CARL VAN DOREN

The Saturday Review of Literature

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"SALT OF THE EARTH"
By Joseph Wittlin
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"MILDRED PIERCE"
By James M. Cain
Reviewed by Phil Stong

ELEANOR DARK (author of "The Timeless Land") has written a "novel of stern beauty and profound reality which . . . . ranks among the best books of the year." *(See page 5)*

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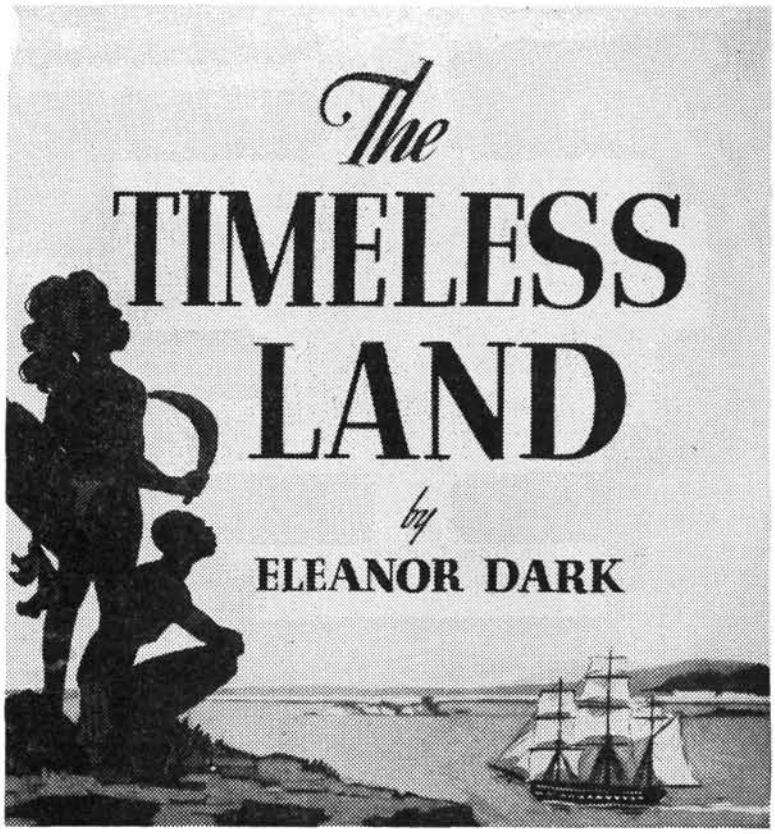

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The Saturday Review of Literature

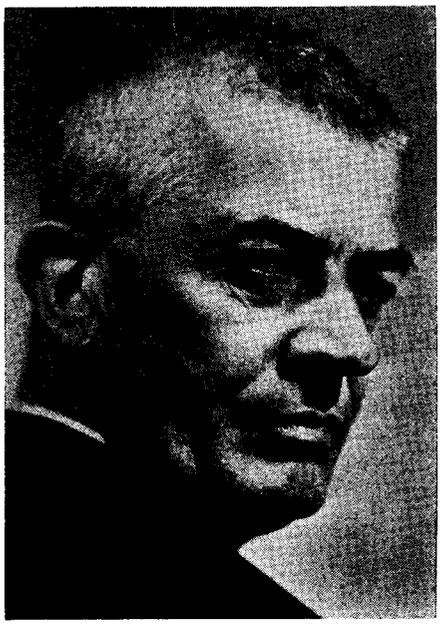
Sayings and Sayers

CARL VAN DOREN

IN the innocent ages when philosophers still thought they knew enough about the state of nature to speculate learnedly upon it, one of them might have undertaken to say what must have been the earliest quotations to become familiar among men. Nobody now would make such guesses. But there is nevertheless a dim, undiscoverable date in the history of each human tribe when the grunters or chatterers noticed that some utterances had more point than others and fell into the habit of doing what they did not know was quoting. What if there was, in the trees or caves where they lived, no Lord John Russell to say that a proverb is "one man's wit and all men's wisdom"? What if there was little wisdom, little wit? The device of quotation had been invented.

It was at first primarily a labor-saving device, like a stone tied to a stick to make a hammer. While men were evolving tools for their hands they were evolving tools for their tongues. Better expressions produced better effects. Very effective expressions would stick in the memory of the hearers and be used for their purposes later. Custom fixed the form and order of the words till they were obligatory and might even come to be thought magical, as in charms and incantations. In these, the very words seemed to have power. On less compelling levels of thought, sayings which had no claim to magic might have an almost equal authority. They so summed up the pith of experience that they had become a part of it. Men quoted them as confidently as they mentioned facts.

For a time it might be remembered who had first said this or that, but probably not for long, and certainly not in other communities where the saying happened to be carried. What was important was the saying, not the sayer. Wisdom belonged to any man who could recognize it when he heard it. The earliest proverbs, being or becoming anonymous, were in a subsequent sense not quotations at all. They had no accepted authors and no authentic texts. Too brief and pointed



Carl Van Doren

to undergo essential change as they passed from speaker to speaker, they owed their survival to their merit rather than to their sources. Only after men had learned to write, and so to give a verifiable form to sayings, was a quotation often thought of as somehow the property of a particular man. But in the early ages of writing countless proverbs could be ascribed to a single sage like Solomon, not because he made them all but because men thought better of them if they were his, and guessed they were his if they seemed good enough.

The ancient sayings continued—and continue—to be used in common speech, and later sayings known to go back to actual men have come to be taken by the people for proverbial. Yet there can be no doubt that printing has helped quotations to supersede proverbs in general favor. Proverbs, if they are to stick in the memory, have as a rule to be general wisdom, however witty in expression, and long repetition makes them so familiar they seem smooth or even smug. Quotations range more widely, and in spite of frequent misquotation which may round them into the smoothness of proverbs, they are likely to keep the specific flavor of original inventions. Moreover, quotations are read as well as heard. Printing serves to maintain the true text of a quotation, or to restore it from the casual variants of the unassisted memory. And the whole course of modern literature has been on the side of the quotation as against the proverb: on the side of the specific as against the general, of the identified author as against the anonymous tradition.

The habit of quoting springs always from the same instinct, though it operates in several manners. That instinct makes men desire to express themselves more fully or precisely or beautifully than they ordinarily can. Every man who quotes feels, clearly or vaguely, that he is the prisoner of his own vocabulary and wishes he might escape into a world of freer expression. Only the simplest people, and geniuses, are satisfied with the language which is perfectly natural to them. Clichés are popular because they seem to say things better than the cliché-users could say those things themselves. Sometimes the users are lazy, sometimes conventional, sometimes pretentious: they all imagine they gain by borrowing. Some of them are self-conscious about it. An Illinois farmer will declare that "it never rains but it pours," and then, as if hesitating to claim all the credit for so bold a statement, will add, "as the fellow says." A London journalist will remark that "in an emergency it may be necessary to 'step on the gas,' as the Americans say," doubly protecting himself with his exculpatory note and his quotation marks. For the most part, those who quote do it with complacence if not with pride. Quoting, they derive authority from masters who appear to have found the right words once for all. A sudden apt quotation may raise a laugh, end a debate, or give the quoter a new standing as a wit. A writer who quotes can enrich his actual matter and his apparent style.

Not many writers, except petty es-

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sayists, now follow the example of, say, Montaigne, who on every page brings in ancient writers to support the present argument, till his work is a happy anthology. But there are few modern writers who never quote obliquely on occasion. They do not write: "He was like the hero who said: 'I will wear my heart upon my sleeve For daws to peck at' "; but they hint at Shakespeare by writing: "He laid himself open to the daws, for he wore his heart on his sleeve." Here is a kind of game between writer and reader. The writer lets his submerged quotation rise nearly to the surface, and the reader enjoys catching him at it. It is like a glance of mutual comprehension between them, the more companionable because nothing too downright has been spoken. Writers usually have read a great deal. When, writing, they consider how best to say what they have to say, they cannot help remembering how other writers have come close to saying it. One writer quotes a rival expression, another cites it or hints at it, still another goes—perhaps to his disadvantage—out of his way to avoid it. A first-rate writer assimilates it and then uses or disregards it in the interest of his own expression. But most writers write, and most readers read, in some familiarity with a stream of quotation which comes increasingly down from the past and colors all human discourse. The race cannot lose the sense of this general stream without declining through another long age of illiteracy.

IT has often been pointed out that the most familiar quotations are the most likely to be misquoted. Having existed for generations outside their context, they seem to have acquired lives of their own and to live adaptably. The marriage service's "till death us do part" becomes "till death do us part," with the words in a more customary order. The Bible's "The way of transgressors is hard" becomes "The way of the transgressor is hard," as if to fix the admonition upon the individual sinner. Shakespeare's "A young man married is a man that's marred" becomes "A young man married is a young man marred," in a more singing cadence. Laurence Sterne's "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is often quoted as "Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and is thought to come from the Scriptures. Mark Twain's "The report of my death was an exaggeration" more often appears in the more facetious "The report of my death has been greatly exaggerated." Some misquotations are still variable, some have settled down to false versions that have obscured the true ones. They have passed over from literature into speech.

Good dictionaries of words are also dictionaries of quotations, in the examples of usage they give. But any clear sentence may there serve as an example. What is further needed is a dictionary of the distinguished expressions which speakers or writers have hit upon, and which have been so memorable as to become current. Isolated words are abstract compared with such living units of speech as epithets and images, haunting lines, penetrating statements. A language is not made up merely of words. Its idioms, its common sayings, its triumphs of utterance are not less a part of it. About these, as about words, there is a general curiosity. Quotations more than five or six words long are loosely remembered. People recall them when they hear them, but not always when they need them. They wish to look them up, to find out the precise text. And there is a persistent inquiry as to who actually were the authors. Scholars are pursued, librarians nagged. Dictionaries of quotations on public shelves are worn out by inquisitive fingers. These books are the museums of the masterpieces of concentrated expression.

THE "Oxford Dictionary of Quotations," compiled by members of the staff of the Oxford University Press, seems to me an indispensable complement to William George Smith's "Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs." Together they include most of the brief sayings or writings that are most familiar to the ears, eyes, and tongues of the world-wide peoples who use the English language. It should be noted that the "Quotations" volume in its verse passages gives them frequently to the length of entire poems when these are memorable throughout. The book is another golden treasury. For example, Blake's "Tiger! Tiger! burning bright in the forests of the night"—two lines which are hardly more than the poem's title—does not stand alone but is shown in its full setting, line after line of the same intense felicity. The whole poem is the irreducible quotation—or deserves to be. Its fire is as constant through twenty-four lines as any other man's wit is through a dozen words. There is no set measure to quotations. They run as long as expression can keep at the peak. They are simply what some men have said successfully about things which many men have tried to say and failed at.

This article will constitute the Introduction to the "Oxford Dictionary of Quotations," to be published later in the Fall by the Oxford University Press.

THIS WEEK

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It Happened in Australia

THE TIMELESS LAND. By Eleanor Dark. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1941. 499 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by KLAUS LAMBRECHT

THIS book tells the story of the first settlers of Australia, the convicts who, outcasts from their homeland, were brought there by a few decrepit ships of the British fleet to build a new life, and a new land for the King. It is one of the strongest and most convincing historical accounts one has read in a long time. It has nothing in common with the standardized products, outgrowing each other in size and outwitting each other in clever planning, which for years many readers and reviewers accepted as serious literature, if not as the historical truth. There is nothing sensational in it, in the sense of a greatly dramatized narration, and nothing sentimental, like a deeply moving tale of everlasting love. It is, it seems, as close to history as the rules of fiction would allow, and as much fiction as it could be with such a slight deviation from history.

Mrs. Dark has gathered her material both from British sources and from a careful study of all accounts of the tribal life of the aborigines. This enables her to give—for the first time, I believe—a two-sided view of the settlement in its early stage and makes her judgment an extremely balanced one. She does not try to glorify the British colonists, nor does she emphasize the sentimental aspects of the subjugation of the natives.

One incident is characteristic of the tenor of the whole book. A group of savages stands by and witnesses the hanging of a white man who has somehow violated the rigid laws of the colony of convicts. They seem to shudder with horror and disgust, and their utter lack of comprehension of the grim procedure is the finest expression of the spirit that determines the relations between them and their civilizers. Unknowingly, they yield and give up their freedom step by step, until their domination has been sealed. Though very delicately handled, this scene has a strong persuasive power and is, if anything, the eloquent proof of the author's descriptive imagination.

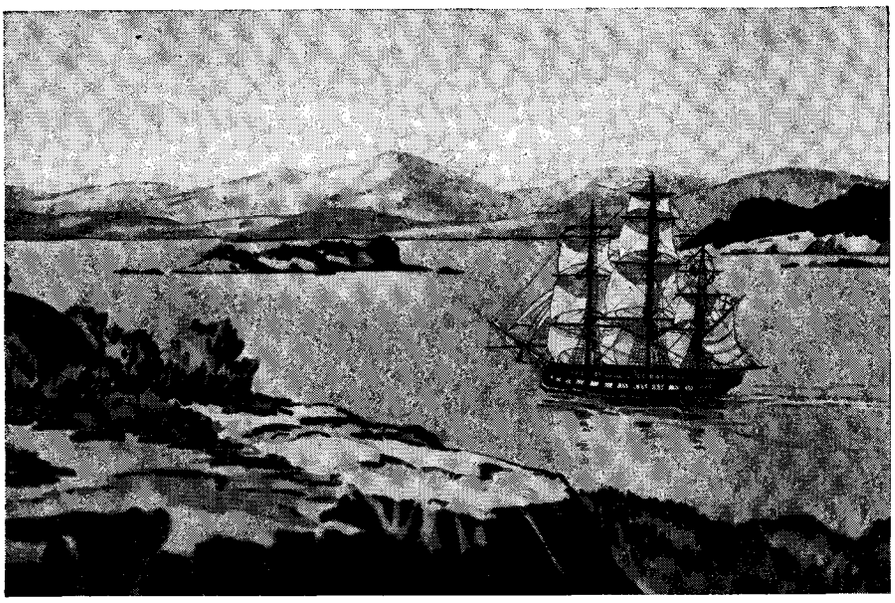
Although the disintegration and demoralization of the natives is an important part in the development, it is by no means emphasized to the extent of creating an issue. It is merely a parallel to the laborious establishment of the white colony, a story which has but few bright spots. In fact, the inevitable continuity of dreariness and desperation, of hunger and exhaustion that necessarily accompanies an undertaking so ill-equipped in every respect, might very well be monotonous, if it were not for the decided moral growth in the characters whose destinies are shaped by it.

Very rarely in modern literature does one find that persons are so sparingly described, revealing themselves only in their reactions, and yet are fully rounded characters who stand out clearly for their truly human qualities. Most prominent among them is the figure of Andrew Prentice, the red-headed convict, who arrives with the first shipload of outlaws and at the earliest possible moment escapes. Through all his life he has been trampled down by those who finally convicted him and now, for the first time a free man, his hardened soul regains its fundamental virtue. It is a slow achievement, leading to the tragic climax, when he, the hard-boiled rogue, sacrifices his life in order to save his native wife and child.

More touching perhaps, because less elaborate, is the story of the black-skinned tribesman Bennilong who through his own naive curiosity becomes the friend of the English settlers, betrays his race, and in the end finds himself pathetically unsatisfied and utterly disappointed. The white man's conception of life remains alien to him and his dream about the lands beyond the sea turns into a nightmare.

Both stories—if one thus wants to analyze the closely interwoven texture of the book—are leti motifs, their respective heroes symbolizing, let us say, the forces of human progress and degeneration. An equally well-drawn picture, though of a quite different color, is that of the historic figure of Captain Phillip, the first governor of the new settlement, who has all the strengths and weaknesses of the British colonist but, strangely enough, does not realize the import of the undertaking, if one discounts as fictitious the occasional divinations the book puts to his credit.

The story goes up to the year 1792; that is, it covers the first five years of gradual establishment. There can be no doubt that Mrs. Dark has chosen the most dramatic period in the colonization of Australia; any other author probably would have permitted himself to be carried away by the temptation of turning it into a tale of heroic pioneering. Of this, however, the book shows not the slightest evidence. On the contrary, one has the feeling that the author has worked under some sort of self-imposed restriction, always remaining strictly within the limits of the subject and allowing herself not the smallest divergence. The result is a novel of stern beauty and profound reality which unquestionably ranks among the best books of the year.



—*From the jacket*

Australian Harbor

Query

I am told that a certain Mr. Ezra Pound has been broadcasting in English from an Italian station. Is he, I wonder, the same Ezra Pound who used to contribute to the gaiety of his correspondence by abundant use of words beginning with b, and whose idea of attracting attention to his wit, when out at dinner, was to pluck and eat the flowers that decorated the table?

—*The Bookseller*, London.

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The "Intellectual" Chemistry of Nazism

ADOLF HITLER: My New Order. Edited with commentary by Raoul de Roussy de Sales, with an introduction by Raymond Gram Swing. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1941. 1088 *pp., with index.* $1.89.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

IF Hitler's "Mein Kampf" was the Nazi blueprint to conquer first Germany, then Europe, and later the whole world, this anthology of threats, accusations, promises, excuses, and rabulistic tirades out of Hitler's mouth shows how strong words can be. It proves that Hitler was not lying when he said that propaganda is a terrible weapon in the hands of people who know how to use it. It gives an accurate record of the Nazi rise to power. It goes even deeper: it reveals Hitler's character and his strength. Here is a man who calls himself a prophet, believes in his prophetic nature even when he is lying, because ultimately his cause might win.

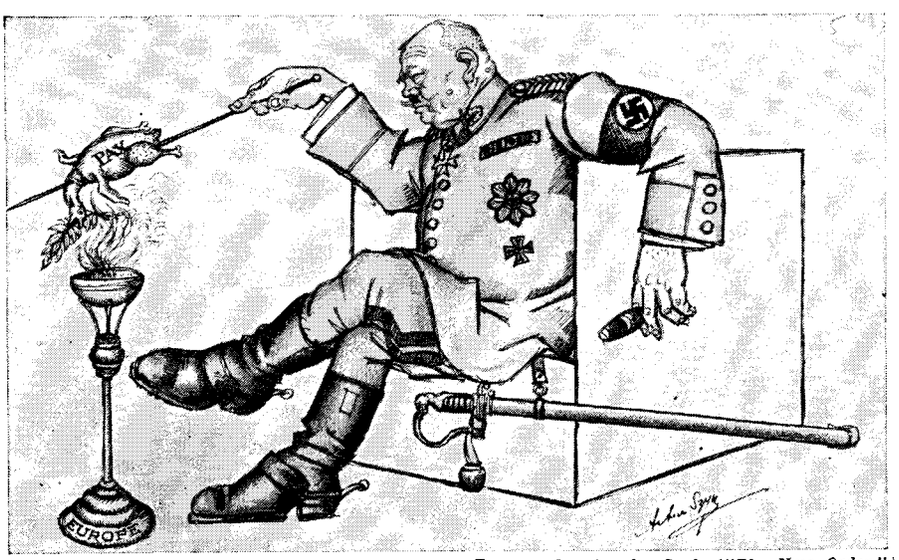
Raoul de Sales, Franco-American newspaperman, of whom Raymond Gram Swing says there is "no American who would write with more valid judgment about this country," has compiled some 100 of Hitler's speeches. He has eliminated the non-essential from about 1500 speeches delivered by Hitler between 1922 and 1941, and in addition has cut those that remain. This was necessary because Hitler is "one of the most prolific orators of all times," and while the normal length of his speeches was one-and-a-half to two hours, he often spoke for three and sometimes four hours.

In Mr. de Sales's book, each speech is prefaced by a commentary intended to bring out the salient aspect of each particular phase. Included also is a chronology of world events, and press comments which give some idea as to how Germany and the other countries reacted to the incendiary words of this modern Demosthenes.

This interesting and necessary book reveals the whole of Hitler's program; it shows that he never varied his fundamental objectives, that from the very beginning he decided to fight "that house of lies, Internationalism," the Jews, democracy, humanitarianism, freedom, the secret powers of the organized press—all this in order to make Germany the master of the world: Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles.

It is a book which had to be done. It is not a book which one will read through in an hour or two like a murder story or a fascinating personal account. One will want to have it on his bookshelves for reference so that he can check Hitler's words against his deeds. In it are found hundreds of contradictions, broken promises, distortions, lies, mean vilifications—all weapons developed by a master of psychological warfare who deliberately deceived his people and his enemies.

Often it is amusing to read solemn declarations like "There are no more territorial conflicts as far as Germany is concerned. Only a madman could believe in the possibility of war between the two States (Germany and France)." But then one remembers that this lie and hundreds of others were believed and subsequently resulted in the greatest crisis of modern civilization. "My New Order" is required reading because it is stimulatingly informative in its outline of Hitler's program for world conquest.



—*From a drawing by Szyk ("The New Order.")*

Pax Germanica

METAPOLITICS: From the Romantics to Hitler. By Peter Viereck. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 335 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

THERE is a story about Peter Viereck—for in spite of his youth, he is the kind of person about whom stories grow up—that during an interview before a committee which disposed of an important fellowship award he was put the favorite question of such committees, "What do you plan to do in life?" and replied at once, "Oh, writing, teaching, journalism—something with words." Well, with this first book he is launched on his chosen career. That he has the gift of words there can be no doubt. It is a dangerous gift, or there would not be such worry in the world about propaganda. Words can run away with themselves, and with their author. A few hundred thousand words assembled as "Mein Kampf" have run amok with the whole world.

Some part of Mr. Viereck's gift for words is certainly that of the pamphleteer, or if you prefer bad names, the propagandist. He likes the pungent phrase, the striking epithet, the sweeping statement, and, when dullness threatens, the wise-crack. Yet the final impression his book leaves is not merely one of liveliness and earnestness—most good pamphleteers are lively and earnest enough—but one of soundness. The pamphleteer is working on a foundation laid by the scholar. Mr. Viereck is not just doing something with words; he is trying to do something that connects words with the rest of some part of human experience in that kind of relation for which we have one simple and bewildering word—truth. His desire to get at the truth is constantly evident, in his frank admission of his own sentiments and preferences, in his efforts to avoid over-simplification (witness, for instance, his valiant wrestling with definitions of that Protean word "romanticism"), in his attention to proper footnotes and bibliography.

Mr. Viereck's theme is the intellectual history of the German National Socialist movement—not, be it noted, the whole history of that movement. He is well aware that politics, economics, and many other disciplines would have to be drawn on for any such history. But he is convinced that the ideas of the men around Hitler are not mere smoke-screens for primal and easily understood motives—megalomaniac aggression, for instance—

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but an essential part of their lives. These ideas he thinks are probably in some sense as old as the Germans, as old as Herman and the rude forest tribes whose first contacts with civilized Mediterraneans formed an abiding sense of inferiority among Germans. But in this book he begins his detailed study with that outbreak of a feeling of inferiority to the "West" which we call the Romantic Movement, and which as usual took the form of an assertion of German superiority. From the romantics he proceeds through Father John "the First Storm Trooper" to the "Metapolitics of Richard Wagner"—the heart of the book, its most original and thoroughly documented portion—to such scattered and varied late nineteenth-century racialists and *Realpolitiker* as H. S. Chamberlain, Lagarde, Langbehn, Treitschke, and finally to the "Prophet-Laureate of Metapolitics," Rosenberg. On all these men he has something interesting and often acute to say. Their ideas he maps clearly—never, of course, as they themselves would map them, for he makes no secret of his fundamental disagreement with them.

All in all, this is the best account of the intellectual origins of Nazism available to the general reader. It is a controversial book, packed with points worth disputing. Its numerous asides and admonitions will annoy convinced isolationists, for Mr. Viereck is constantly rubbing in the fact that North America is a part of the world the Nazis are singing about—"tomorrow the whole world." Its master-thesis, the superiority of Mediterranean "classicism" over Germanic "romanticism," has had critics and scholars at odds since long before the days of the late Irving Babbitt, of whom Mr. Viereck must be the youngest disciple now in print. But it is not an ill-tempered book, not a book that tries to brow-beat the reader into submission and agreement. In its own rather odd way, it is a reasonable book—not sweetly reasonable, but reasonable.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 392)

RABINDRANATH TAGORE:

CROSSING

The peace of sadness is in my heart like the brooding silence upon the master's lute before the music begins. . . . . .

I know that my melodies, still unstruck, are clinging to some lute-strings of thine, and they are not altogether lost.

The Liberal Intellectuals: 4th Century B.C.

NORMAN COUSINS

IT HAS been pointed out, frequently as an argument against democracy, that many of the leading Greek thinkers were critical of the democratic form of government. This is of course in a sense true; but their position must be set against their ultimate aims for humanity, for their measuring stick was frequently Utopia. Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle found countless flaws in democracy, certainly; but the sum and substance of their writings can in no way be interpreted as a refutation of free government. They were political theorists in search of the ideal state, writing not only for their time but for history. If it should seem paradoxical that they should have been severely critical of the Athenian way of life, let us reflect that it is no more paradoxical than the writings of many of our own liberal intellectuals of the early 1930's, when political experimentation was in the air, when democracy had broken down as a practical instrument—and when anyone who wrote in favor of democracy was considered by many to be naive or jingoistic. And yet, we have only to look in the front ranks of democracy today to find where most of these contemporary thinkers stand; what they condemned a few years ago was not democracy but the failures within it, and they condemned those failures at a time when it seemed to be operated for the Few and not for the Many.

Similarly, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle—the liberal intellectuals of their day—lived in Athens at a time when chaos had come to be associated almost automatically with government. These were the years following the Peloponnesian War, when such democracy as existed was woefully inadequate to meet the needs of the people and the state, and, finally, when the Athenian Era was fast drawing to a close. Complicating the political picture were the superstitions and shams which were rife among the people, charges of impiety frequently being brought against leading thinkers. Socrates himself was condemned at the age of seventy to death on such a charge. He had been called radical and subversive, but he was no more subversive than the Brain Trusters 2,500 years later. The effect of his death upon Plato, and in turn, upon Aristotle, must not be entirely overlooked in any consideration of the background against which they wrote.

Even so, it is perhaps ironical to find Plato, in his earlier writings, admiring other states in Greece where the freedom of thought and expression which were so vital to his existence would have been conspicuously absent; indeed, where it would have been difficult for him to have taught or even to have lived. His "scientific socialism" favored a state where ambitious schemers could be kept out of office and where poverty would be eliminated. He deplored the consequences of individualism. And yet a more individualistic figure than Plato could not be found in all of Athens—except perhaps for his teacher, Socrates, or his pupil, Aristotle. He himself was individualistic democracy in action, even though to have acknowledged it publicly might have linked him with the great body of the people—where the shams and superstitions he had deplored all his life were most to be found.

But it would be a mistake to attempt to explain Plato's ideas entirely by referring to the psychology of the non-conformist. In his later writings, he left little doubt of his ultimate opinions. "Freedom in a democracy," he wrote, "is the glory of the state. . . . Only in a democracy will the free man . . . dwell." The "communism" he had once enunciated he now found largely impractical. Perhaps this may have been an outgrowth of his experience at Syracuse, to which he had been invited by Dion, the elder minister, a person with apparent intellectual pretenses, if not convictions, who offered Syracuse as a laboratory for the ideal state Plato had so meticulously constructed in theory. Dion believed that Syracuse possessed, in the person of Dionysius (no relation despite the similarity of names), a chief of state who fulfilled Plato's qualifications for a

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leader who was competent, young, generous, and philosophical.

Plato came to Syracuse but the experiment was short-lived. He had to deal with human material, not geometrical figures which were unfailingly predictable, or which could be developed to a predetermined conclusion from a given proposition. Dionysius, though young and daring, was no philosopher, nor could he be taught to be one. Other complications entered the picture and Plato returned to Athens, which—imperfect democracy that it was in the post-Periclean period—was apparently still preferable to Syracuse. In fairness to him, however, it must be said that Plato himself gave up the experiment at Syracuse after he found the conditions hardly suited to the making of an ideal state. As to whether the perfect conditions were or are available anywhere is not a Platonic but a Homeric question.

Aristotle, who came to Athens to study under Plato, when the latter returned from Syracuse, was also given an opportunity by a state to make his ideas felt in the operation of government. The process was perhaps less direct than it was with Plato, for Aristotle was invited not to formulate a society but supervise the education of a young Macedonian later known as Alexander the Great. For several years, Aristotle, one of the most highly educated and civilized men who ever lived, instructed the brilliant and precocious young Alexander in biology, ethics, politics, government, philosophy, psychology, history, mathematics —in many of which Aristotle was the foremost authority and pioneer then living.

As to the practical results of this education, it is difficult to say. But in one particular at least, Alexander demonstrated either that he had not learned his lessons well or that he disagreed with his teacher. Aristotle believed in strict sovereignty and autonomy for the individual city, or city-state (since the word *polis* in Greek meant either). He did not believe that a state could or should be constructed on any scale which would prevent all its citizens from assembling together; he favored, in short, a carefully planned and integrated system of constitutional government, or democracy on a small scale. A more striking opposite to the world order Alexander attempted to forge could not be imagined. Conquest on the grand scale, unlimited dominion—these were Alexander's main goals.

Alexander's designs for world conquest were not without repercussions affecting his former teacher. After Alexander's early death, feeling in

(*Continued on page* 16)

"Cannon Instead of Butter"

HITLER CANNOT CONQUER RUSSIA. By Maurice Hindus. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1941. 299 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM L. SHIRER

A FEW days after the signing of the Hitler-Stalin pact on August 23, 1939, Maurice Hindus cabled his American publishers from Helsinki and suggested that he write a new book forthwith. The title would be, he cabled, "The Coming War Between Russia and Germany." His publishers, Mr. Hindus tells us—and we are not surprised—advised him by cable to continue working on his new novel of Czech village life.

Within less than two years, the war which Mr. Hindus saw coming from the first, did come. A few days later, the military leaders of this country, backed up in the main by our State Department, sent for the press representatives and told them that it was most unlikely that the Red Army could hold out for more than three weeks and that it would be a miracle if it was still in the field three months hence. With this most of the country's experts in the press and on the radio agreed. "The German army will go through Russia like a knife through butter," a high Washington official assured Mr. Hindus. He was not so sure. In fact, the more he thought about it during the first days of the campaign, the more certain he became of one thing, that Hitler could never conquer Russia. And now he has staked his reputation as one of our most consistent observers of the Russian scene by saying just that in the title of this excellent and most timely book, "Hitler Cannot Conquer Russia."

There must be good, solid reasons

Harold Stein

Maurice Hindus

which explain not only why the Red Armies have done better against Hitler's panzer forces than all but a very few expected, but why Mr. Hindus thinks Hitler can never conquer Russia. Those reasons make up this book. They make a good case and incidentally throw new light on certain Stalinist policies which Mr. Hindus, in common with most people in this country, abhorred, but which he now sees as having been forced upon the Soviet citizenry at a frightful cost only because they were designed to save Russia against just such an onslaught as Hitler has now unloosed. The desperate Five-Year Plans, the too-hasty and too-brutal collectivization of agriculture, the whole lowering of the living standard, turn out to be nothing more or less than part of a general policy of *cannon instead of butter*. This policy was cruel and grim, Mr. Hindus admits. But he thinks its fruits will save Russia now.

He cites a prophetic speech of Stalin: "We are fifty to a hundred years behind the advanced countries. We must cover the distance in ten years. Either we do this, or they will crush us." Those words were pronounced on February 4, 1931. The Russian dictator's sense of the time still left to him was truly remarkable. Exactly ten years! Whether ten years was enough history will presently show. But that those ten years were not wasted by Russia's iron man, the author makes abundantly clear.

In one of the most enlightening chapters of the book, he assesses Russia's productive capacity. To the many not familiar with this field there are some startling statements. The average man is still prone to see the Russo-German war as a conflict between German machines and Russian manpower—a most unequal kind of struggle. Yet Mr. Hindus reminds us that not Germany but Russia held first place in Europe in volume of production on the eve of this war; that not Germany but Russia led the continent in the production of machines; and that in such things as agricultural machinery and engines, the Soviet Union led the world. True, the quality may not be as good as that of those produced in America or Germany. But in three months of warfare, Russian tanks, guns, and planes seem to have done fairly well.

Mr. Hindus also has some comforting news for those who thought that the Soviet industrial system would be hopelessly crippled and therefore unable to equip a modern army if Hitler conquered the Ukraine, as he now

(*Continued on page* 20)

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Soldier Speech

THE following selection of soldier speech is offered as a provisional vest-pocket dictionary of about 100 military words and phrases born abroad in the present war, or nursed as army lingo over here. A few of them, like their predecessors in the First World War, are bound to acquire orthodoxy in the coming peace.

★ ★

Alert. The warning siren (see also Mona, Clara).

Alertion. Sirens are going: "We are in a state of alertion."

Archies. Anti-aircraft guns.

Baldie. Army haircut. (A*)

Bearded lady. A searchlight whose rays are diffused.

Bend. When he damages a plane, an aviator "bends" it.

Blitz. Endearment for the evening raid in English cities: "I left early to get home before the Blitz,"

Blitzflu. A type of influenza that strikes and goes away quickly.

Booked it. He made a mess of it when he "booked it."

Bootleg. Coffee. (A*)

Boudoir. A squad tent. (*)

Brassed Off. To be very much fed up with boredom. (See also Browned off; Completely cheesed.)

Browned off. To be fed up with boredom.

Buttoned up. Orders carried out. (A*) (In England to be "all buttoned up" is to be thoroughly prepared.)

Clara. All clear air raid signal, onomatopoetic quality of "all clear." (See Mona.)

Completely cheesed. Pretty much fed up with it all.

Couple of jugs. Several beers.

Crump hole. Crater made by aerial torpedo explosions.

Cuckoos. German dive bombers: "Laying their eggs" in another bird's nest. (Apparently used also in the last war.)

D.A. Delayed action bomb: "They're homeless because of D.A."

de-Quisle. To remove vital parts of an automobile to prevent fifth-column use.

de-Whistle. To sound the end of the danger period in an air raid (see also Clara): "Have we been de-Whistled yet?"

Dog-fight. A fight to the death in the air.

Driving the train. Leading two squadrons into battle.

Dustbin. Enemy rear-gunner's lower position.

E-boats. Enemy torpedo boats.

Eggs. Bombs.

Erk. Aircraftsman and mechanic; a beginner.

Eye Tie. An Italian plane to English aviators.

Fat friends. Balloons. (A*)

Fireworks. Effect of anti-aircraft shells (see Onions).

Flak. Anti-aircraft fire (previously "ackack").

Flap. An alarm, a row, excitement.

Flower pot. Plane power turret. (A*)

Flying elephants. Balloons (see Fat Friends).

Flying pig. Aerial torpedo.

Flying streamers. Effect when a plane swirls downward.

Gas house. A beer saloon. (A*)

Geese. Enemy bomber formation.

Get a pasting. Be badly bombed (or "to be plastered").

Glasshouse. Power-operated turret (sometimes a "conservatory").

Goof off. To make a mistake in drill. (A*)

Hay burners. Cavalry. (A*)

Hit the deck. When an aviator lands.

Housewife. A sewing kit. (A*)

Iron horses. Tanks. (A*)

Jeepy. Screw. (A*)

Jinking. Dodging anti-aircraft fire (sometimes "hoicking").

Kid. The kid is a bomber co-pilot. (A*)

Lame duck. Damaged plane; it "crabs" on water and is "drunk" high up.

Mae West. An aviator's life belt or jacket.

Mickey Mouse. Lever which releases bombs in a plane.

Mona. Air raid signal, onamatopoetic quality of a moaning sound (see Clara).

Mother McCrea. A sob story. (A*)

Mustard. A mustard is a smart pilot. (A*)

Old man. Company commander. (A*)

Onions. Anti-aircraft shells; sometimes "flaming onions" (see Fireworks).

Paul Pry. A searchlight.

Peel Off. Curve away from other aircraft.

Pineapple. Hand grenade. (A*)

Popeye. Spinach. (A*)

Pukka gen. Real inside information. (See Real gen.)

Pulpit. The cockpit; sometimes the "office."

Purple. Warning to those on duty that enemy aircraft are approaching: "I knew there was a purple so I didn't hurry for my train." (See also Red.)

Put up a black. An unsuccessful effort to carry out an operation.

Rat-trap. A balloon barrage.

Real gen. Inside information.

Red. Next warning stage after *Purple* (q.v.) siren warning.

Right drill. Something done correctly.

Roller skates. Tanks. (Individual, not class, American names for tanks in the last war: Leviathan, Mary Ann, Vampire.)

Ropey. Rotten weather.

Santa Claus in the pits. A good target record. (A*)

Scrounge. To scrounge is to pinch or to steal odd objects in a blackout.

See the Chaplain. Shut up. (A*)

Shavetail. Second lieutenant. (A*)

Show. A show is action in the air. (A "good show" is said for praise; a "cracking good show" is superlative praise; a "bad show" is the reverse.)

Slum. Food. (A*) (A stew composed of meat, potatoes and onions; cadets of the United States Military Academy would refer to hash as "slum-gudgeon").

Spits. British Spitfire fighter planes (see Names for airplanes).

Stationmaster. Commander of an airfield.

Stone crushers. Infantry (A*) (In the last war: dust-disturbers; gravel-agitators; mud-crunchers; doughboys. Doughboys seems to have been used in the Civil War.)

Stovepipe. Trench mortar. (A*)

Sweat. To expect. (A*)

Tail-end Charlie. Rear gunner in a bomber.

Take off. To bawl out. (A*)

Tear off a strip. To give someone a bawling out. (See also Shoot down in flames).

Titeems. The English, as called by the French, from "teatime." (The French called R.A.F. "les Rafs").

Top kick. First sergeant (sometimes "top knocker").

Vackie. An evacuated child or adult. (In last war: "warphan," from war orphan.)

Walkie-talkie. Portable radio. (A*)

Weather-krock. A meteorologist. (A*)

When the balloon goes up. When things start to happen.

Names for Germans. The Jerrys; (to the French: Fridolins); in the last war: Fritz; Hans; Heinie; Jerry; Square Head; Boche.

Names for airplanes. A pilot "aviates" a Daffy (Defiant); a Wimpy or Spit (Spitfire); a Lizzie (lysander); a Blenburgher (Blenheim); an Old Faithful (Ausan); a Maggie (Miles Magister). In the last war the names for airplanes were Camel, Dolphin, Hippo, Pup, machines of the Sopwith make which resembled these animals. The Caled had a bump behind the engine; a Salamander was armored to pass through fire.

ISADORE ABRAMOWITZ.

*Contemporary American lingo.

†The speech of the American airman. Chalmers K. Stewart. University of Akron. 1933.

‡Slang today and yesterday. Eric Partridge. Routledge. London. 1935.

Slang. Eric Partridge. Society for Pure English. Tract LV. Oxford. 1940.

Songs and Slang of the British soldier, 1914-1918. John Brophy and Eric Partridge. Eric Partridge Ltd. London. 1931.

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IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD

IT has often been said that no American writes or speaks so pure and chaste an English, with such nice discrimination in the use of word and phrase, as the person who, an alien to our country, has acquired its language only after attaining maturity. For he has learnt idiom, grammar, and vocabulary, not by ear as has the native-born American, but by deliberate study at a time when such matters already have significance for him, and to perfect his knowledge has had to apply himself to an understanding of the fine distinctions of meaning and use. So, although his diction may at times smack of the literary, it is likely to be marked by precision as well as elegance. What it may lack in salty colloquialisms, slang, and oblique implications it makes up for in lucidity and distinction of style.

We Americans are a nation of easy writers and easy speakers. Our journalism is lively, our stump speaking pungent. We are never at a loss for words when some cause is to be argued, or for a clever retort in either sportive or bellicose vein. We are amusing after dinner speakers, lively lecturers, beguiling advertising copywriters. We have hosts of competent authors who can turn a phrase with neatness, tell a story with animation, or defend a thesis with force and clearness. But we are easy readers as well as writers, easy listeners as well as speakers, caught by slogans, delighted by catch-phrases, a ready prey to fads and isms. And this is the worst time in the whole history of the world to be either merely fluent or uncritically receptive.

It is no accident that at this particular moment in the course of events the science of semantics is coming to the fore. Not new, this study of the meaning of meanings has suddenly been brought down from the academicians to the masses by the necessity which the times impose for rigorous thinking. Mr. I. A. Richards and Mr. C. K. Ogden, Mr. Stuart Chase and Mr. Horace Walpole, and the others who have been writing on the subject and have awakened the public to the danger that can lurk in a word or phrase, are doing yeoman service in the public cause. For the time has never been either at home or abroad when so much depended upon the right understanding of what is being said or so much was at stake in its misunderstanding. From the first the policy of the dictators has been to attempt to befuddle the world with words. They have bred confusion among their enemies by their distortions of meaning and prostituted their own people by specious phrases. And here in America our own politicians, our communists, our isolationists, our idealists have become entangled in arguments which have no common ground for debate because no common agreement exists as to the meaning of words—even such a word as democracy.

When that time comes—as come it must—when the dolorous war which is waging today has come to an end, the only hope that a lasting peace may succeed it will rest upon the agreement which the nations, and especially the Anglo-Saxon nations, draw up. There will be no room for misunderstanding of meanings at the peace table. But there is danger—enormous danger—that unless they arrive at precise comprehension of the exact sense in which they are using words, the two nations which should best understand each other because they speak the same language may in that very security go astray. There cannot be too much stress put upon the meaning of words in England and America today. Our writers and speakers cannot afford to be easy writers and speakers any more. Like the foreigner who learns our language they must watch its every subtlety, be sure of its idiom, use it with nicety. For upon their ability to translate ideas and political policy into terms that have the same meaning to all who use them will depend the outcome of the peace for all time. **A. L.**

Reality

By Chad Walsh

I

SAY that it never was, or rather say
That it was long, oh very long ago,
And time has dimmed that Aztec market day
Beside the flowered rafts of Mexico.

Or say it's never been, but yet will be
A hundred thousand centuries from now
Upon the border of a frozen sea
When ice has sheathed the last frail, spiny bough.

Or say it's now I'm leaning to your face
In some strange twilight on the planet Mars,
Or that we fill the interstellar space
Beyond the light-years of the spiral stars.

II

There is no house, there is no store, no street.
Dust and the dusty clay of human toil
Are heaped in formless patterns at my feet.
Trees young when we were old strike in the soil.
The men are gone they might have sheathed from heat.

The neon lights, the stores with parking lots,
The movie palace with its restless queue,
The traffic signals, throwing vivid spots—
Where they had been, the oaks and spruces grew,
And I was walking with an unseen you.

This world of things we see and touch and hold
Is rotten in its wall, and it will sink.
Then let the tree-roots feed on rotten mould.
Look at the ruin, beloved, do not shrink:
Your spirit and our love will not grow old

Nor meet the death these man-made things must know,
For when the oaks and spruces, old, are blown
By any wind to lie in heaps below,
And men return, the wonder we have known
Will be with them. They shall not be alone.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"The Democratic Fashion"

SIR:—More power to James Truslow Adams. He is one of our ablest historians who has already won for himself a distinguished enough place in American literature not to require any praise from me or from anyone else. I cannot, however, refrain from commenting upon his review of Bernard Smith's "The Democratic Spirit" [*SRL*, Sept. 27], which was both refreshing and penetrating.

Preoccupied though he is with problems of true and genuine democracy, he has found time to gain deep insight into the literary conspiracies of the Stalinists. In his review of "The Democratic Spirit," he has actually caught Mr. Bernard Smith red-handed and thus exposed the anti-democratic machinations of the Stalinist literary fraternity in the United States.

Mr. Adams's comparison of Bernard Smith's concoction — a collection of American writing on democracy where President Lincoln is allotted six pages while the great democrat Michael Gold has ten—with the various communist "fronts" and "transmission belts" is inspired and nothing short of perfect. There is, to be sure, this difference: whereas the "League of American Writers" has to call upon living and not-so-famous innocents to cover up the activities of the Lillian Hellmans, Dashiel Hammetts, Leane Zugsmiths, etc., Mr. Smith was able to exploit for his purposes great American historical figures who fought and bled for the preservation of our democratic ideals.

As one whom circumstances have made an "expert" on this Stalinist penetration of American life and letters, I can assure you that Bernard Smith did not even blush when he placed the writings on democracy of Jefferson and Lincoln in the same volume with Michael Gold or Richard Wright. To speak of Stalin's "literary" boys and girls as champions of democracy is in itself mockery and it certainly sheds additional light upon Mr. Smith.

Take the case of Michael Gold. About six months ago he published a curious booklet ("The Hollow Men") where he wrote of men like Lewis Mumford, Max Eastman, and Archibald MacLeish as warmongers, imperialists, and renegades. What crimes have these men committed for Mike to hurl these epithets at them? They advocated unlimited aid to Great Britain; they spoke out for America's participation in the defeat of Hitlerism.

Three months after the publication of "The Hollow Men" I read a column by Michael Gold in the *Daily Worker* where he screamed hysterically for our immediate entry into the war and for a British invasion of the continent. "The Hollow Men" was of course by that time already withdrawn from circulation by the Communist Party. (Even if you offered $10.00 for this twenty-five-cents pamphlet you could not buy it either at the International Publishers or at the "Workers' " Bookstore.) As far as Mike was concerned, sinister, imperialist, Tory Britain became the "great British Democracy."

What has happened in these three months to make Mike change his mind? Simply this: Stalin quarrelled with Hitler and the Nazis invaded Russia. Stalin placed his o.k. on this "imperialist" war and overnight it became a holy crusade for freedom, democracy, and what not. Mike heard his master's voice. So did the "League of American Writers." So did the "American Peace Mobilization Committee" which picketed Roosevelt, the warmonger, before Hitler invaded Stalinland, and changed its name to *American People's Mobilization* (whooping it up for war) after the invasion. So did numerous other Stalinist "fronts" and "transmission belts."

What, pray, has Mike Gold and his ilk to do with democracy and the democratic spirit?

LEON DENNEN.

New York, N. Y.

"I'm afraid you've stumped me, madam. Won't you please accept this encyclopedia?"

SIR:—Not only American readers but the entire world of publishing owes James Truslow Adams a statement of appreciation for his forthright, honest condemnation of Bernard Smith's "The Democratic Spirit." Suppose a book under the same title were published and included selections from Fritz Kuhn, Joe McWilliams, and other members of that particular persuasion—alongside the writings of Madison, Jefferson, and Lincoln. Suppose the reason given for the inclusion of Kuhn *et al* was that they, too, are Americans and should be represented. Suppose Fritz Kuhn received more space than Lincoln. The book would be laughed at from one end of the country to the other. But along comes Bernard Smith with his Mike Gold, Richard Wright, Lillian Hellman, Albert Maltz & Co., and we are supposed to swallow his book as a true and "balanced" expression of democracy. Fortunately, there are still a few honest critics left, such as Mr. Adams, who are not yet softened by the "intellectual flabbiness" referred to in your columns recently by William Henry Chamberlin, and who can be counted upon to expose all attempts, from whatever the direction, to prostitute the true meaning of democracy.

An interesting point in this connection is the responsibility of the publisher himself. Fortunately, we still have freedom of speech, and no one questions the right of a publisher to issue books taking any point of view. But the publisher's responsibility, it seems to me, is to label his product clearly. Mr. Smith's book is elaborately presented as an anthology of *democratic* thought. Yet it is anything but that, as Mr. Adams proves so convincingly.

RUBIN GOTESKY.

New York, N. Y.

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Wittlin . . .

SALT OF THE EARTH. By Joseph Wittlin. New York: Sheridan House. 1941. 314 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

READERS of John Dos Passos's "1919" will remember "The Body of an American," that fierce and magnificent sketch which closes the volume. It is a collective impression of the Unknown Soldier, skimming the surface of the nation for its effect. Now we have a more deliberate, more concentrated study of that same mock-heroic figure, the nameless man whom every nation celebrates. Without the brilliance and poetry which give such impact to Dos Passos's short piece, Wittlin is tracing a larger likeness which in the end (for this is the first volume of a trilogy), may prove to be a definitive portrait.

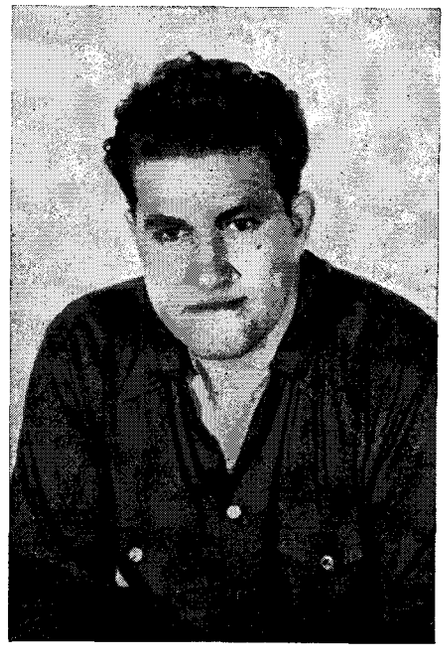
Wittlin's work does not lack for distinctive qualities of its own; he brings to it some irony, much pity, a studious objectivity, and a remarkable absence of hate or passion. It is this last absence which, almost like a presence, suffuses all of his pages with a cool light. There is no fuming and bitterness to destroy focus. Every character who appears, from the mighty Franz Josef to the little Galician railroad porter who is impressed into the Royal Armies, is outlined with an imperturbable clarity. There are no villains, certainly no heroes, but merely figures who move according to their appointed rounds in a pattern much too large for any one of them to see.

The Soldier is no longer a shadowy figure. He has here a local habitation and a name, although this last, Neviadomski, which means in Polish "son of an unknown father," seems to suggest the anonymous folk from which he springs. Peter is the classic peasant, slow-witted, loyal to certain mysterious permanent principles known as "country," "Emperor," "Army," good-hearted, obedient. The World War comes upon him in 1914 like some earthquake which alters the shape of the earth upon which he stands. You can be startled and dismayed by an earthquake, but you cannot resent it; it is too great and too impersonal. Thus Peter meets his war, in fright and resignation. The book carries him through the first four weeks: the declaration, the placards and bulletins, the halting of ordinary life, the mobilization, the stirring of peoples, the troop-movements, the thousand details of drill and discipline before the battle.

Wittlin builds very slowly, piling one unimportant detail upon another until they acquire meaning by their very weight. Out of this unhurried thoroughness emerges this little Galician soldier who may be lying beneath one of the anonymous cenotaphs of Europe, known to us now, close and alive in every sigh and wrinkle, gesture, thought, and ache. Others emerge as well, soldiers, doctors, peasants, Poles, Hungarians, Jews. This history of the Unknown Soldier will eventually be, as it must, a mass-history. Wittlin's technique is, as a matter of fact, that of the historian. We learn from a study of him by A. P. Coleman, which appeared in these columns, that research for this book took ten years.

The result is clearly to be seen, an atmosphere of unmistakable truth.

Joseph Wittlin



August Derleth

Derleth . . .

EVENING IN SPRING. August Derleth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1941. 308 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CURRIE CABOT

THE theme of this novel could be the theme of a folksong: a youth loves a maiden and she loves him, their elders try to part them, and at last the girl breaks faith. The folksong would say it all better, more briefly, and with greater simplicity than Mr. Derleth does.

A book cannot be turned this way and that in the mind unless it has nucleus and body; "Evening in Spring" is a slack skein, difficult to hold in the memory. There is no shape to it, and it would be easy to put it down at any point and feel no compulsion to read further.

There is great beauty in the descriptive passages, and vignettes of certain figures of the Wisconsin village where the scene is laid have the distinction of daguerreotypes. The more immediate characters lack such quaintness, and are not quite blood and bone, and they are voiceless because their words evoke no echo in the reader's inward ear. It is somehow right that Margery, the young girl, should be shadowy and dreamlike—almost indistinguishable from an imagining of love—but it is disappointing when a boy fishing, or an old man bending over his cane, dissolves into phrases. Steve, the boy of fifteen whose love for Margery is the monotonous refrain of the book, does not seem like a boy, and there is something monstrous in the stubborn and egotistical tenacity of his love. Because of religious differences, relatives try to keep the two young people apart, and Steve, in a small and singularly repellent spirit of revenge, tries to retaliate upon those who have criticized him, with spying and a childish form of blackmail. Within the sentimental idyll of "Evening in Spring" the central egotism of love is curiously, but, one feels, unintentionally, made plain.

Library Conference

The Library Committee of the Secondary Education Board of Milton, Massachusetts, announces the Third Open Conference on School Libraries. Joining in the sponsorship of the conference this year are the New England School Library Association and the New England Regional Board of the Progressive Education Association.

The conference will be held on October 10th and 11th at Phillips Academy and Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass.

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Cain . . .

MILDRED PIERCE. By James M. Cain. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 388 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

MR. CAIN must have known some prototype of Mildred Pierce's daughter, Veda, for it does not seem possible that such a completely and consistently loathsome little wench of seventeen could be a product of pure imagination. Whether reported or invented, Veda is a great creation; it would be such fun to look her up and strangle her slowly, perhaps beating her head on a cobblestone a little at the same time.

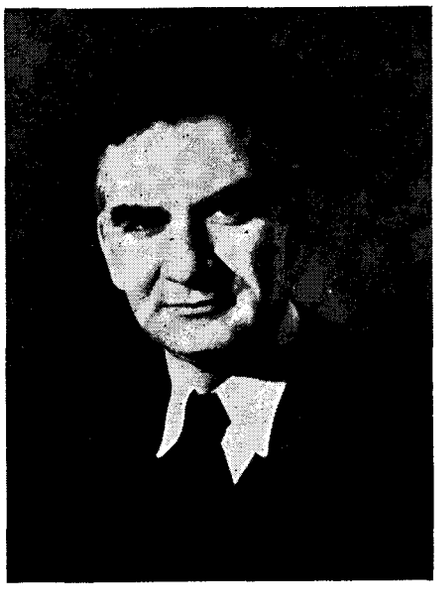
Mildred Pierce is a grass widow whose knack for cooking turns into a restaurant chain in the suburbs of Los Angeles. She is promiscuous but not quite nymphomaniac; some sympathy for her is lost when, in her beginnings as a waitress, she makes a neat pick-up in approximately two minutes flat and spends a week-end at Arrowhead with a total—well, he could hardly be called stranger after the week-end. Mildred is not very pretty, but she is good-natured, needless to say, and she lives on the phrenetic fringe of moviedom where exquisite "gams," as they are repeatedly called in the book, exercise an ultimate and fatal fascination.

Mildred has two daughters; the young one is all right and Mildred doesn't care much for her—neither does the author, so she dies in childhood. The elder one, Veda (her name was chosen by an astrologer), is a female puppy redoubled in spades and Mildred adores her. Veda, a miserable poseur and ruthless opportunist, has nothing but contempt for her mother; contempt which she conceals only when she is working her for whatever she happens to need.

It takes Mildred a long time to learn. She is insulted, scorned, assaulted, used as a helpless stooge in a 'breach of promise" blackmail scheme, plundered and finally robbed of a not too satisfactory husband by her daughter, but it is not till she has given up what reputation she has in what proves to be a publicity stunt for Veda that she finally realizes that her darling daughter is not really all she should be.

Mr. Cain writes, as usual, with great vigor and economy, but this book is neither so tight nor so dramatic as the frugal "Postman." The story wabbles seriously at the end where Veda, hopeless as a pianist, turns out incredibly to be a great coloratura. Mr. Cain's observations on the low natures of coloratura sopranos—they should all be married to left-handed pitchers and the happy couple shot immediately—as expressed by Mr. Treviso, the music teacher, are very funny. It seems they all borrow ten thousand bucks to study in Italy and never pay back the money. Then they marry a banker, get all his money, kick him out, and marry a baron. And many other things. Watch out for coloraturas.

Still, no one has ever stopped in the middle of one of Jim Cain's books.



James M. Cain

Jordan . . .

ONE RED ROSE FOREVER. By Mildred Jordan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 550 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY C. BENÉT

HOW much the historical novelist should invent is always a moot question. Miss Jordan's book is a case in point. Here we have a life of Heinrich Wilhelm Stiegel, who made the beautiful glass which bears his name. Part of the book is based on fact, and presents an interesting picture of the life of a glassmaker in Pennsylvania around 1750. Here we also have a romantic interpretation of the same gentleman's life, making him the central figure in a long, passionate love-story . . . an apocryphal and highly colored affair with an elfin creature named Diane. History probably requires that the author give him two legitimate spouses, one wealthy, one rather dull, but the love of his life is the glamorous Diane who flits about the glass works when she is not off with the Indians. The fact that Stiegel courted two ladies for their money, and married still a third, does rather get in the way of the romance.

Stiegel was a twenty-one year old German immigrant when he arrived in Philadelphia in August, 1750. He was ambitious and eager to get on by whatever means he could, and his rise was

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

MORE CLERGYMEN—AND WOMEN

Briefly described below are some more literary figures who represent the clergy. (Others Jan. 6, '40 and July 13, '40.) Have you made their acquaintance? Allowing five points for each one whose name you can recall, and another five if you remember the story in which he or she appears, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 14.

1. When this monk witnessed the collapse of a bridge which sent five people to their deaths, he resolved to place theology among the exact sciences by proving that for each victim death at that moment was best.
2. This zealous but nearly blind old monk mistook an island of penguins for humans and baptized them.
3. Accidentally drawn into a pub where a holdup had just occurred, this dignified bishop seized the opportunity to put to work the knowledge gained from constant reading of detective stories, and solved the mystery.
4. This prioress sang through her nose, spoke French, and was so tenderhearted that she would weep if she saw a mouse caught in a trap.
5. Once a member of the French aristocracy, he became a priest and spent part of his life spreading the gospel in an African slave-trade camp.
6. During a famine this bishop assembled the poor people in a barn and burned them to death in order to have more food for the rich; he was punished when an army of mice swarmed into his tower and devoured him.
7. This village priest allowed such crimes as murder, burglary, and kidnapping to be expiated at half-a-crown apiece, but he frowned on flirtations.
8. By buying a new automobile, this 40-year-old itinerant woman preacher persuaded a 16-year-old Georgia farm boy to marry her.
9. Entering the troubled household of his brother in the guise of a butler, this Indian bishop restored tranquillity before revealing himself.
10. For twenty years a Trappist monk, he broke his vows, married a charming English girl, and then, remorseful, returned to his Sahara monastery.

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Mildred Jordan

rapid. He wanted money, and power, and possessions; he was an opportunist. He, also, according to Miss Jordan was a frustrated artist. Devoted to music, he never got a chance to express himself in that art. His thwarted artistic impulse, his creative urge, went instead, into his magnificent glass. He died practically penniless, holding Diane's hand.

This is readable and interesting. The romance is lusty; the style lively. The part about manufacturing glass is accurate, and there are many details about what the people ate and wore. Miss Jordan's novel, however, falls between two stools. It is neither history, nor fiction, and suffers thereby. It would be better if it were either the glass-manufacturer's romance (fiction) or the life of H. W. Stiegel (history). As it is, it seems rather like a movie where one person said "Let's do a big picture on Stiegel glass" and another said "Let's insert plenty of love interest." In combination, each gets in the way of the other, and the fires of love sometimes outshine the fires in the glass furnace.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Brother Juniper, in "Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder
2. Saint Mael, in "Penguin Island," by Anatole France.
3. James Lyons, the Bishop of Broadminster, in "The Bishop Misbehaves," by Frederick Jackson.
4. Madame Eglantine, the Nun Prioress, in "Canterbury Tales," by Chaucer.
5. Brother Francois, in "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen.
6. "Bishop Hatto," by Robert Southey.
7. Father Paul, in "Gentle Alice Brown," by W. S. Gilbert.
8. Sister Bessie Rice, in "Tobacco Road," by Erskine Caldwell.
9. Joshua Smith, the Bishop of Benares, in "The Servant in the House," by Charles Rann Kennedy.
10. Boris Androvsky, in "The Garden of Allah," by Robert Hichens.

The Mantle of Life

THE SOILS THAT SUPPORT US. By Charles E. Kellogg. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. 370 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by RUSSELL LORD

DR. KELLOGG knows so much about soils, a subject in which few men are learned, and he writes with such clarity and vigor that it is always a pleasure to read what he has to say. This is "an introduction to the study of soils and their use by men." It is addressed to the student and general reader anxious or willing to be told the facts about that thin and still mysterious mantle of pulverized rock and organic matter into which all life as we know it enters, and out of which comes all life renewed.

Americans are old enough now to be told about the soil. The classic tendency to consider the subject mundane or vulgar accounts in some part, Dr. Kellogg reminds us, for the decline of Rome. He is no old scientist. Young, as mature men go; equipped with imagination and fired with boldness, he strains at the leash which so often holds men of science to cautious, impersonal statements within the tight little fences of their special fields. And it is precisely when he strains and stretches the leash longest that, to my taste, his book is best. 'People use these soils," he says in his first chapter. "They have blessed them and cursed them, sweated over them and loved them, lived with them and died for them." That seems to me a grand statement of exactly the right approach.

The middle chapters deal with Kellogg's specialty, soil geneology. Here the account at times may seem to the layman to become involved as a Virginian's account of a second cousinship; and for all of Kellogg's valiant seeking to avoid mere erudition, a good deal of many-jointed nomenclature gets in. They are fascinating words, however; and Kellogg's description of how differences growing out of the Gray-Brown Podzolic soils of our north and the Yellow and Red Podzolic soils of our south "finally led to a terrible war between the states" is as daring a piece of historical soothsaying as I have ever seen. He strains at the leash here, all right, and I like it.

At points close to the line of a somewhat constricted specialty, on the other hand, he perpetrates understatements which seem to me excessive. I have to smile when in his Preface he speaks of this good and solid work of 370 pages as a "little book." Then he

Charles E. Kellogg

begins to edge out after us "panic-shouters" as to soil troubles, and I become more alert. Some erosion is good for a soil, he remarks in his second chapter. Granted. "But if it goes on too rapidly—more rapidly than soil formation—the soil may be injured." This I cannot regard fondly as a harmless personal foible, either scientific or semi-scientific in the best sense. It is of course a strictly true statement. But it is rather like saying upon beholding an armed host approaching, that a number of men are coming over the ridge with guns and they *may* not be hunting rabbits. A studied understatement can be as wrong and as damaging as an impetuous overstatement. The slightly grudging attention Kellogg pays our almost unparalleled picture of soil waste, principally by accelerated erosion, straightens out his record considerably, in the end. On page 303, it seems to me, he finally comes around to a justly measured statement on this phase of his vast subject. But he never tugs at the leash on this question. The leash tugs him.

I hope in this review not to have appeared merely quarrelsome. This book is good writing, all of it—stimulating, strong. In most ways it is the best general book on soils that I have ever read and it grows as it goes along.

Russell Lord is the editor of The Land, A Quarterly, *and author of "Men of Earth," "To Hold This Soil," and "Behold Our Land."*

Colt Newssheet

The Colt Press, San Francisco, publishers, among other things, of the Epicure series of recipe guides to China, Mexico, and Hawaii, are now issuing a newssheet every six weeks. This is made up with the care and taste characteristic of their publications, and contains some pleasant editorializing upon events in the book world.

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His use of the instruments of social and psychological analysis is to illuminate a body . . . he is perhaps the ablest critic now writing in the United States."—*Howard Mumford Jones in the Saturday Review of Literature*

The Wound and the Bow
By EDMUND WILSON
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

THE LIBERAL INTELLECTUALS: 4th CENTURY B.C.

(*Continued from page 8*)

Athens became intense against the aggressions of Macedonia. Some of the resentment was turned upon Aristotle; he was accused of sedition, but fled, averting the fate that overtook Socrates.

The weight of history concerning this charge was that Aristotle was the victim of mass hysteria, that there was no truer exponent of real freedom in all Athens. Of all the members of that famous intellectual trio which he formed with Socrates and Plato, Aristotle was clearly the most sceptical of elaborate designs for utopias filling the air. He had written hundreds of pages examining and analyzing the ideal states of Plato and Socrates, piece by piece and word by word, with the infinite patience and industry of an ant clearing away a beach. Using the system of logic he himself had developed so carefully, he piled exception upon exception, so that his "Politics" represents more a refutation of the political theory of others than anything distinctly his own.

He disagreed strongly with Plato about the abolition of the family and private property. "Civil troubles arise," he wrote, "not only out of the inequality of property, but out of the inequality of honor." Answering the Socratic argument that crime was brought on by poverty and that equalization of property would eliminate such poverty and therefore crime, he said, "Want is not the sole incentive to crime. . . . The fact is that the greatest crimes are caused by excess and not by necessity. . . . The beginning of reform is not so much to equalize property as to train the nobler sort of natures not to desire more."

Moreover, Aristotle accused the utopian thinkers, among whom he had found a leaning toward "the impractical," of forgetting the essential reality that the "perfect" state had to live among and do business with imperfect states. And, whether a nation willed it or not, it had to have instruments for defending itself. Thus, "the government must be organized with a view toward military strength; and of this he [Plato] has not said a word. The state . . . is not isolated."

Similarly, analyzing the political theory of Socrates, Aristotle found many points of departure from what seemed to him workability in government, although he wrote somewhat patronizingly that the "Discourses" "are never commonplace; they always exhibit grace and originality and thought; but perfection in everything can hardly be expected." He argued, too, against the proposed changes of family life, which, he was convinced, were neither possible nor feasible. He pointed out that the certain chaos resulting from any disruption of the normal family ties—such as a sharing of wives and children—would make the operation of any state—let alone an ideal state—an impossibility. Moreover, Aristotle was extremely suspicious of any system which did not prevent the administration of the government from falling into the hands of self-seeking and power-created tyrants—a fault which he felt was overlooked in the ideals of Socrates and Plato.

As for his own views, Aristotle, after admitting and enumerating democracy's varied assortment of defects, found it the "most tolerable" of all forms of government, and "safer" than the usual alternative of dynasty. On the other hand, he emphasized that there is no single government which fits every people, and that it is difficult to dogmatize on the "best" government without some knowledge of the conditions under which that government may have to work. That government is best, in an absolute sense, where "the courage, justice, and wisdom of a state have the same form and qualities which give the individual who possesses them the name of just, wise, or temperate," and where "every man, whoever he is, can act best and live happily."

Practical considerations dictated, he said, that a state limit its size—otherwise democratic processes would be weakened. For example, the population ought not to be so large that it would be difficult for the citizens to gather in one place to join in the public debates; nor so disperse that it would also be difficult for them to assemble together.

But in no way can this argument for the small-city democracy be interpreted as an argument against present-day democracy. It is far easier for representatives of every nation in the world to convene today, and all the peoples in the world to be mutually informed, than it was for citizens of states less than a hundred miles apart in Aristotle's time.

At any rate, nothing that might be cited from the works of Plato, Socrates, and Aristotle against democracy is strong enough to counterbalance the fact that it was democracy that produced them.

The foregoing article will constitute a chapter in "The Good Inheritance," by Norman Cousins, to be published shortly by Coward-McCann.

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The story of a book that broke a taboo

A YEAR AGO last March 12th, a manuscript came in that stopped us in our tracks. We read it overnight and knew it was a "find." But we were worried, too, for it told the story of a man you literally "wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole." Nevertheless, we published it.

WHO WALK ALONE, the book, is one year old this September 30th. Printed six times, it has won two distinguished national book awards and is very much in demand today. What is more important, it has smashed a long-standing taboo.

NEW LIFE FOR "THE LIVING DEAD"

For this book is the first true story of the life in our time of a "living dead" man—a leper. He was a likable young American named Ned Langford, and his story answered questions that the world never even asked in its hurry to label him "untouchable" . . . Questions like: What happens to men and women like Ned? Where do they go? What can they do?

"A TRUE EPIC OF GREAT COURAGE AND A BEAUTIFUL LIFE"

Writing us such notes as "I don't know when I have read a book that moved me as this one did," the booksellers ordered generous quantities. Yet WHO WALK ALONE was slow to find its audience because many potential readers felt that its revelations would be too unpleasant. Sales increased when the critics reported not a chronicle of horrors, but the saga of a man who triumphed over personal disaster and wrung from loneliness and exile a rich, useful, rewarding life . . . "It warms and consoles the reader" . . . "A true story of gallantry, suffering, triumph, victory of the spirit" . . . "Such undaunted men and women as Ned, Carita, and their fellow exiles on the island leper colony of Culion are discoveries indeed."

To date, at least thirty thousand Americans have read WHO WALK ALONE, by Perry Burgess.

HOW THIS BOOK WAS WRITTEN

Mr. Burgess is national director of the American Leprosy Foundation. He knew Ned Langford, saw his courageous way of life on Culion itself, heard the story at first hand of how Ned became a leper, of his first futile treatments and horrible isolation in New York, of his final, hopeless exile and its surprising sequel. In WHO WALK ALONE, he wrote Ned's true story with the narrative skill of a fine novelist.

As this book goes to press a seventh time, we predict that it will be read for years to come.

FIRST PRIZE, National Book Awards, (The Booksellers' Discovery) 1940.

GOLD MEDAL AWARD of the Society for the Libraries of New York University. Judges: PEARL BUCK, CLIFTON FADIMAN, HARRY HANSEN.

1st printing, June 13, 1940
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6th printing, July 11, 1941

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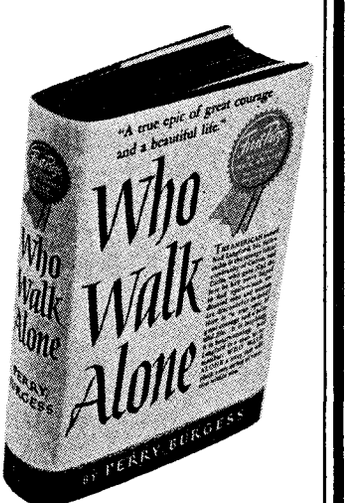

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$2.75, published by HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. If no book store is convenient, mail check or money order to the publishers for a copy by mail, postpaid.

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Eleven Partridges

BIG FAMILY. By Bellamy Partridge. New York: Whittlesey House. 1941. 323 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by FAIRFAX DOWNEY

EIGHT children! It was a big family even in the '80's and '90's when the average was four, and a couple who begat only two offspring was regarded as "practically childless." Nowadays eight progeny in these United States is super-colossal.

But eight Partridges there were—count 'em—five boys, three girls. You might even call it a covey. Anyway they were copy, as is the lot of a family with an author in it. In addition to the double quartet there was Father who furnished son Bellamy with the subject of his preceding book, "Country Lawyer." There was also Grandmother who was decidedly a "card," though she would have hated to be described as one of the devil's pasteboards. And there was that heroine, Mother, who attended to the "biological preliminaries and the obstetrical eventualities" and a great many other matters.

To come right out with it, this is a good book—a darn good book. It possesses the nostalgic charm which R. G. Culter conveyed in line when he drew "The Gay Nineties" series for old *Life*. One measure of its worth is the fact that it ran serially in the *Saturday Evening Post* where reminiscent stuff, to be printed, has to be better than fair. For us of the older generations, life in the Partridge family rings bells. Whether it will appeal to our juniors is a question. In the opinion of this reviewer (an old codger), they would derive pleasure and profit from a perusal. Man, they had discipline in those days!

There were school-bound and church-going inspections, rules, regulations, and restrictions for the young Partridges. They toed the mark when their parents put their feet down. When it was desired not to dictate but to persuade, the family lobby would swing into action. Parents and seven children, in sympathy with the project, would put crafty but relentless pressure on the eighth in the form of indirect suggestion. It never failed. It was the lobby that made the author of this book a fiddler and a lawyer. (Something, fortunately, finally made him a writer.) In spite of the strictness of home training, the family had a grand time. That you cannot doubt after reading the many amusing anecdotes in this book. Even Mother and Father, despite their struggles, financial and otherwise, had a grand time. The brood was of some help in their parents' task. Elder children took care of younger ones—sometimes.

Few shadows were cast on this family's life, death made no early break in the circle except for Grandmother who passed on in the fullness of years. The children all grew up, turned out well, married and apparently lived happily ever after. But—and here is this reviewer's only quarrel with the book for an unforgivable omission—did any of the children have a Big Family?

Illustrations by Stephen J. Voorhies are a pleasant addition.

Going Up

E. P. Dutton and Company announce that, because of increased costs due to the war, it has become necessary to raise the price of Everyman's Library books from 90c to 95c, effective September 11. Their announcement is accompanied by a charming essay by the Everyman's editor, Ernest Rhys, entitled "A Breviary of Books in Wartime."

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Liquid Art

INTOXICATION MADE EASY. By Elliot Paul and Luis Quintanilla. New York: Modern Age Books. 1941. 144 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

HERE is a witty book of permanent worth written all about how to concoct a Spanish rice, with a prologue by Caxton (the late famous printer) and a chapter each for all the ingredients. If, *maugre* his mad mystery stories, you have only read Elliot Paul's "Life and Death of a Spanish Town," it will have been enough to endear him to you forever. Luis Quintanilla, the Basque, is the most considerable Spanish draughtsman since Goya, and furnishes the many pertinent pictures to this lively and well-spiced text. This is an illuminated and illuminating cookbook, confined to the making of one dish, which I have eaten in a Spanish restaurant in St. Augustine, Florida, replete with saffron. It is Rabelaisian and hilarious, and gradually into it drift such admirable characters as Mac the shrimp-dredger and his girls.

But the promise of various appendices proves a will-o'-the-wisp, and the one whose loss I particularly regret, since an ancestress of mine was named Catalina and my father's family hailed originally from the Balearics, is Appendix F., which promised to disclose how *sobresada* might be made in America. Mr. Paul tells us that this sausage captivated George Sand and Chopin when they amatively sojourned in Mallorca.

This delicious book is properly dedicated to Juan Negrin, late President of the Spanish Republic, to which a great and benign rebirth! The horrors of the Fascist conquest of a great land have not dimmed Mr. Paul's gusto nor Señor Quintanilla's wild and robust humor. Between them they have furnished a proper tidbit for gourmets and an inimitable epic of cookery!

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Worlds in Time

THE INCOMPLETE ENCHANTER. By L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt. New York: Henry Holt. 1941. 326 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

"COME to me, ladies and gentlemen who are in any wise weary of London," said Lord Dunsany at the beginning of one of his earlier books, "for we have new worlds here." There must be many readers who are sometimes thoroughly tired of the world we live in and its possible permutations in minor fiction, but who want as an alternative not the heavy-lidded worlds suggested by that invitation, but some world entirely different, and with a good deal more fun in it.

If you would like to visit an Alsatia where the writs of our physical sciences do not run, where you can in imagination see what armored knights would make of the modern technique of the epee, or apply the scientific method to the empiric formulas of sorcery, you will find two new and beautifully cockeyed worlds here. Reed Chalmers is an American psychologist who believes that there are any number of possible worlds, where, for instance, the laws of science do not hold good and those of magic do, and that it is possible to get into one of them by sufficiently altering one's basic assumptions. For his first experiment he cautiously sent his assistant, Harold Shea, a young man who would try anything once; which was just as well, for like so many first experiments, it went a little wrong, and landed Shea not in the epic cycle of Ireland, where he was aimed, but in the uncomfortable world of Norse mythology on the eve of the Twilight of the Gods; and that was a place where Shea's fencing was more use than the rudimentary magic he had learned from Chalmers. He got back safely, though, and Chalmers accompanied him into the later books of the Faerie Queene. Chalmers had made a scientific study of primitive magic, and, once in a world where magic worked, he was able to enchant quite effectively; but there were difficulties. The mathematical difficulty of placing the decimal point, for instance; sometimes he got a hundred dragons, and sometimes point oh oh oh one dragon. And sometimes the principle of resemblance, so vital to savage spells, had unexpected results; as when a spell designed to produce a unicorn brought a one-horned rhinoceros, who met all the specifications.

When one adds that some of the adventures surprisingly manage to be genuinely exciting—after all, the giants of Jötunheim (who talk like Bowery toughs) are just as credible a menace as Dr. Fu Manchu—that should give some idea of this most unusual book. It has its faults, of course. There should be either more metaphysics or less; any reader worth entertaining should be willing to grant a possible world almost as a postulate, with a minimum of theory; but with so much explanation as there is here, one is inclined to ask the further questions of where the mind of Spenser is supposed to come in, and why Shea should vanish into another world by concentrating on propositions of logic which appear to be true of this one. And, though he would be a bold man who would maintain that any given episode is not to be found in the proliferating forest of the "Faery Queene," surely the Da Derga has strayed in there from the Irish epic cycle, and ought to be explained. Also, the book is uneven; the fun sometimes flags, and is sometimes somewhat forced. But the burlesque at its best, as in the treatment of Britomart, the lady athlete, is both genuinely amusing, and even, as burlesque can be, convincing; this is at least a possible Britomart, as this is a possible world. It is a world, and a book, with its own wild logic, with some fighting and a lot of fun; and you never met anything exactly like it in your life.

Two great epicures in murder are buzzing about this honey of a mystery...

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY:

"'You haven't read it yet?' I said to a friend—'How I envy you.' I suppose this is the highest praise one can give to a book; and in its own special class (the unconventional crime-detection story) Mr. Heard's honey is perfect hymettus. One has to speak warily because the best pleasure of this skillful horror is a surprise which will delight the experienced reader, and I hope neither publisher nor reviewers will give it away. To do so would rob the customer of his best enjoyment. This is that particularly agreeable kind of narration in which the narrator is a cultured and literary dimwit who walks preposterously into bad trouble. Mr. Heard's engine of destruction is, I think, unique in crime fiction. I shan't say any more except to urge you not to miss it. It is the best entertainment of its kind I have encountered in a long while, and I still get a little bit frightened when I walk by a bed of flowers in the sun. I hope this arouses your curiosity."
—*The Book-of-the Month Club News*

and

BORIS KARLOFF

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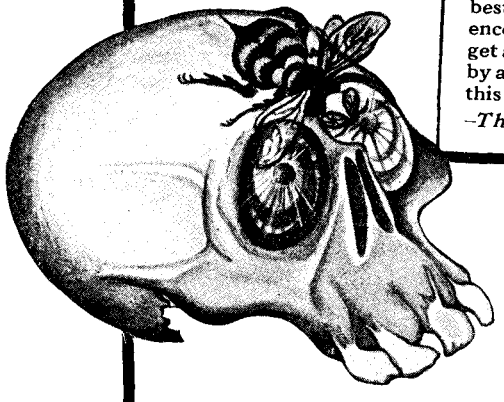

Recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club

A TASTE FOR HONEY

By H. F. HEARD

$2.00 at all bookstores

VANGUARD PRESS, 424 Madison Ave., New York

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Unbeaten Combination?

FATAL PARTNERS: WAR AND DISEASE. By Ralph H. Major. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1941. 342 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by LOGAN CLENDENING

IN a previous book Dr. Major has dealt with the effect of disease on the destiny of certain people of importance and consequently on the destiny of their countries. In these cases the occurrence of the disease was accidental or at least fortuitous. The present timely study, however, presents disease as not at all accidental, but as the inevitable consequence of the statesman's habit of translating his country's destiny into warfare.

Dr. Major is supremely fitted by his professional training in medicine, augmented by an intimate acquaintance with European languages and by extensive and repeated travelling and residence in European countries, to review the history of the association of the apocalyptic partners.

The first chapter is devoted to the Peloponnesian war and the plague of Athens which interrupted that struggle: it also deals with the Plague of Antonine and other aspects of Greek and Roman history. An especially interesting account is that of the crusades and the Knights of St. John, or Hospitallers, afterwards the Knights of Malta. They were called Hospitallers because the original order, the "Poor Brethren of the Hospital of St. John," were conducting a hospital in Jerusalem when the first Crusade under Godfrey of Bosuillon marched into Jerusalem in 1099. They were the Red Cross of the Middle Ages and, indeed, still function: they operated the World War I and were devoting themselves to lepers in Ethiopia in 1936.

Other chapters describe the "Gunpowder Era," with the comments of the military surgeons, John of Vigo and Ambroise Paré; the Thirty Years War; the Napoleonic campaigns, with their epidemics of trachoma and scurvy; the Crimean campaign out of which came modern nursing; Solferino and the origin of the Red Cross; the Spanish-American War and the subsequent victory over Yellow Fever by the American Army Medical Corps under Walter Reed; the South African campaign, where the control of typhoid was first put to practical demonstration; the World War of 1914-1918, and the epidemic of influenza and the old disease of typhus (camp fever). The final chapters are devoted to the aftermath of the World War and their medical implications.

Dr. Major's conclusions are that warfare is almost wholly destructive, that those apologists who feel that war produces great medical discoveries have not examined the facts. The contributions mentioned in the paragraph above—professional nursing, the Red Cross, the control of Yellow Fever and typhoid—would have come anyway. "The epochal discoveries of medicine have been made in time of peace."

The author's clear and flowing style and always accurate statements make this a fascinating piece of reading.

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321 pages, $2.00.

Smith & Durrell, Inc., N. Y.

"CANNON INSTEAD OF BUTTER"

(*Continued from page* 8)

seems to be doing. He tells for instance of a second mammoth coal and metallurgical base in the East—the Ural-Kuznetsch Combine—which can furnish a great deal of material after the Ukraine falls.

In fact if Stalin is forced to withdraw with the remnants of his armies to the Urals—and Mr. Hindus does not rule out this possibility—he will find much there that was not there twenty-four years ago when Lenin, pressed by several White armies, also contemplated a withdrawal to the Urals. The author tells us just what is there. There is Magnitogorsk, for instance, which when its final unit is finished shortly, will be the largest iron and steel plant in the world, its production alone exceeding the output of all the iron and steel plants of Czarist Russia.

There are many other factors, too numerous to go into in this review, with which Mr. Hindus buttresses his main argument. He thinks that collectivization of the farms, which cost greater sacrifices in human beings than any other phase of the revolution, will turn out to have been one of the chief weapons with which Hitler ultimately will be defeated. Not only will the collective farms assure the food supply, but already, he thinks, they have prepared the masses of Russian peasants "for this fight, politically and militarily. . . . Not only has collectivization remade the Russian earth, it has transformed the man. . . ." The important role of women in the Soviet Union (100,000 women engineers, eleven million women in industry, etc.), he argues convincingly, has also strengthened the country for a hard war. And finally he outlines the enormous accomplishments of the Osoviakhim—the Civilian Council of National Defense—which has trained millions in sharpshooting, guerrilla warfare, parachuting, antiparachuting, etc. "Russia," he writes, "has the largest army of civilian snipers in the world." Russian guerrilla warfare is not just haphazard as it was when it helped beat Napoleon. Today it is organized, well-trained.

Lastly, Mr. Hindus bids us not to forget the historical forces in this war, "Russian history and geography, the nature of the Russian people, the forces of Russian nationalism, not the least of which is the Russian's ancient and hallowed love for his *matushka zemlia*—little mother earth."

Many perhaps will think that in calling his book "Hitler Cannot Conquer Russia," Maurice Hindus has stuck his neck out. Perhaps he has. Time will tell. But in the meantime here in this book are marshalled most of the facts which explain the "miracle" of the present Russian resistance and why a man as sincere and as expert on Russia as is Mr. Hindus believes that at long last Hitler has bitten more than he bargained for.

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TRADE WINDS

ABOUT BOOKS: From California comes a slim, handsome volume, "About Books—A Gathering of Essays," published by The Book Arts Club of the University of California. All of these essays have appeared in various book and library journals, and it behooves us to suggest to all genuine book-lovers that here, indeed, is a notable addition to the field of bibliology. The contributions—and there are four of them—are articles by men distinguished in publishing and library work. Messrs. Adams, Cleland, Grabhorn, and Wroth turn honest opinion and sharp criticism against many of those who work with books, make books, and use books.

★ ★

☞The gentlemen hate wisely. Randolph G. Adams takes to task the librarian who is primarily a business administrator and knows little or nothing about books; T. M. Cleland deplores the fact that of the thousands and thousands of books that come out each year only fifty are of sufficient beauty and craftsmanship to merit attention at book clinics and expositions; Edwin Grabhorn takes issue with the poor printing done by machines; while Lawrence C. Wroth laments the lack of precise teaching of bibliographical work.

★ ★

☞The newspapers called our attention the other day to an engineer who contrived a precision writing instrument capable of inscribing the sonnets of Shakespeare and the complete writings of E. Philips Oppenheim on the head of a pin. And with more meticulous care perhaps, the Waverley Novels as well. Admittedly that is quite an achievement, but hardly comparable with one Macmillan's have to their credit. We have in mind the one-volume edition of "The Concise Cambridge History of English Literature." We salute the indefatigable and erudite Mr. George Sampson for compressing fifteen volumes of this famous history into 1,094 pages. As we thumb through it and look for our favorite sources and references we are happily surprised to see how "complete" a concise job can be. But we somehow always expect such enterprises from Macmillan and Cambridge. We think of the one-volume edition of Fraser's "Golden Bough" and G. B. Harrison's "The Elizabethan Journals." This new volume joins a notable group. And while we're "heped" about all this, we say (advt.): "It's a buy for only $4.50."

★ ★

☞The bookstore of R. H. Macy's recently was puzzled over the poor sale of one of the year's finest cook books—"100 Ways to Please Your Husband." Good cook books always sell well, and the merchandising manager wondered what was holding this one down. One of the salesgirls suggested that the books be removed from the cook book counter and placed on display in the drug and health book section. The suggestion was followed. Result: "100 Ways to Please Your Husband" was sold out in short order.

★ ★

☞*Warning:* If you are binding or saving copies of the *Review,* note that the present volume XXIV will include 37 issues instead of the customary 26. Volume XXV will begin with the first issue in January. Thus subsequent volumes will conform with the calendar year, and simplify the task of librarians and our business department.

★ ★

☞Schuman's, dealer in histories of medicine and science, has moved from 730 Fifth Ave. to 20 E. 70th St., New York . . . Eric Estorick's "Stafford Cripps: Prophetic Rebel" is a study of the famous barrister and ambassador through Cripp's statements. It is an indictment of Britain's appeasers during the past decade . . . Ah, a dish for the gruesome: "Murder à la Mode." A prize winner and a woman at that—Eleanore Kelly Sellars . . . Say, do you know crime? O. K. What famous newspaperman was jailed in connection with reporting the dramatic Battle of Cameron Dam, in Wisconsin? Another? What woman is known to have committed 42 murders, and perhaps still lives? All this from "Murder Out Yonder" by Steward Holbrook . . . We'll give you the answers at the bottom . . . And way ahead in December comes "Hotel Splendide" by Ludwig Bemelmans . . . Fireworks in the offing . . . "Confusion on the Potomac" will set the alarm . . . Van Wyck Mason has changed to Reynal and Hitchcock, and the first of the new titles will be "The Rio Casino Intrigue" . . . The answers: Floyd Gibbons and Belle Gunness of La Porte.

LOUIS GREENFIELD.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MADMAN'S BUFF *Kurt Steel* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Upside-down corpse in fantastically disarranged N. Y. bed-room presents Hank Heyer with tough, tricky, and thrilling problem.	Lip Sisko, stool-pigeon taxi jehu adds hilarious spice to dextrously plotted, swiftly paced, and exceptionally well-characterized tale.	High grade
MURDER *à la* MODE *E. K. Sellars* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	House-party slaying of dept. store chief's wife followed by double poisoning in Manhattan. Girl exec. helps out police officials.	Rivalries, and worse, of business men and women basis of opulently written, competently constructed, and puzzling yarn with delayed Garrison finish.	Good marks
SOME LIKE IT HOT *Sidney Marshall* (Morrow: $2.)	Shooting of radio director in Chicago studio and strangling of actress charged up to actor-writer who neatly outsleuths professionals.	Studio patter brisk, and intrigues, both amorous and financial, interesting. Action incessant but rather confusing and solution pretty cloudy.	So-so
THE AFFAIR OF THE SKI-ING CLOWN *Clifford Knight* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Hidden enmities at Cal. mountain ski-ing party flare into double murder, which almost baffles astute Huntoon Rogers.	Bizarre nature of first crime, thrilling ski episodes, extremely well concealed killer, and effective sleuthing hold the attention.	Effective

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PERSONALS

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Double-Crostics: No. 393

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-E	2-V	3-G	4-W	■	5-G	6-P	7-O	8-K	■	9-R	10-K	11-A	12-G	■	13-X	14-S
15-T	16-K	17-V	18-W	19-C	■	20-J	21-I	22-D	23-A	24-W	■	25-I	26-C	27-B	28-G	■
29-H	30-F	31-N	32-S	33-Q	34-D	■	35-F	36-D	37-X	38-O	39-N	40-K	41-V	42-T	43-Q	44-I
■	45-S	46-W	47-N	48-L	49-V	■	50-S	51-O	52-B	53-V	54-W	55-H	56-D	57-M	■	58-H
59-N	60-M	61-S	62-B	63-L	64-V	■	65-R	66-L	67-U	■	68-W	69-S	70-T	71-U	72-N	73-I
74-D	■	75-S	76-G	77-H	78-U	79-E	80-L	81-N	82-D	83-T	■	84-U	85-F	86-J	87-W	88-X
■	89-B	90-V	91-M	92-L	93-J	94-T	95-C	96-U	■	97-M	98-A	99-L	■	100-W	101-B	102-E
103-A	104-R	■	105-G	106-H	107-X	108-O	109-V	■	110-K	111-K	112-V	113-H	114-Q	115-N	116-F	■
117-U	118-M	119-K	120-D	121-S	122-F	■	123-A	124-P	125-G	■	126-R	127-O	128-K	129-H	130-J	■
131-P	132-X	133-T	134-I	135-M	136-K	137-B	138-D	139-A	140-N	141-D	142-U	■	143-R	144-P	145-B	■
146-X	147-H	148-V	149-N	150-R	■	151-E	152-P	153-G	■	154-C	155-F	156-H	157-E	158-L	159-P	160-I
161-W	162-R	■	163-O	164-T	165-M	166-K	167-P	■	168-P	169-A	■	170-E	171-R	■	172-R	173-L
174-C	175-E	■	176-W	177-D	178-C	179-M	180-P	181-N	182-Q	■	183-L	184-E	185-G	■	186-I	187-R
188-U	189-O	190-V	191-C	192-T	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 7 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Sword of St. George.

B. Pertaining to gem engraving.

C. Overspread with shade.

D. Those who hope for mischance to others (comp.)

E. Blunt person (2 wds.)

F. Catches sight of.

G. Recurrent tones, sounds, phrases.

H. Susceptible of being molded.

I. Mild and gracious.

J. Roman Emperor (54-68).

K. Wasted away for lack of nourishment or use.

L. Receive hints or rumors (3 wds.)

M. Gap, cleft, chasm.

N. Set in a clear light.

O. Arctic cetacean.

P. Book of Odes of the Confucian canon.

Q. Applied to toad of arboreal habits.

R. Millepede.

S. Brought into proper relations.

T. Betook oneself.

U. Refuses to acknowledge.

V. Incapable of being used up or spent.

W. Recently discovered (comp.)

X. Town in S. E. Alaska.

WORDS

123	23	11	103	139	169	98				
27	62	145	52	101	137	89				
26	95	154	191	178	174	19				
120	138	177	34	22	74	36	82	141	56	
151	184	79	170	175	157	1	102			
155	116	35	30	85	122					
185	3	105	153	5	12	76	125	28		
29	147	77	106	55	156	58	113	129		
44	186	160	21	25	73	134				
130	86	20	93							
10	8	166	40	136	119	111	128	16		
48	63	158	92	80	66	99	173	183		
97	118	60	135	91	165	179	57			
72	39	31	47	181	149	115	140	81	59	
108	51	127	189	163	7	38				
167	152	159	6	131	144	180	124	168		
182	43	114	33							
126	65	187	162	150	172	143	171	104	9	
14	32	50	75	45	61	69	121			
15	70	192	164	94	133	42	83			
67	78	142	117	71	188	84	96			
17	41	2	53	90	64	109	112	190	49	148
54	24	68	46	4	176	100	161	18	87	
88	110	107	13	146	132	37				

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